

A JOCKEY named Wolfe was ruled off the New Orleans course recently for pulling the

During our first year at the station we

Wale's Honey the great Cough cure, 25c., 50c. & \$1
Allen's Sulphur Soap heals & beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions
Mill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 50c.
Wike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c
Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

TANITE
EMERY WHEELS
F. B. Rayl & Co., Detroit

Poetry.

A GOODBY.

Face-look! How soon unmeasured distance rolls
Its laden clouds between our parted souls!
How little to each other now are we—
And once how much I dreamed we two might be!
I, who now stand with eyes undimmed and dry
To say goodbye.

To say goodbye to all sweet memories,
Goodby to tender questions, soft replies;
Goodby to hope, goodby to dreaming, too,
Goodby to all things dear—goodby to you.
Without a tear, a sigh, a sigh—
Our last goodbye.

I had no chain to bind you with at all;
No grace to charm, no beauty to enthrall;
No power to hold your eyes with mine, and make
Your heart on fire with longing for my sake.
Till all the yearnings passed into one cry—
"Love, now, goodbye!"

Ah, no—I had no strength like that, you know;
Yet my worst weakness was to love you so!
So much too well—so much too well—
Yes, even that might have been pardoned still—
It would have been had I been you—
But now—goodbye!

How soon the bitter follows on the sweet!
Till my worst weakness was to love you so!
Could I not hold your soul—to make you play
To-morrow in the key of yesterday?
Dear—do you dream that I would stoop to try—
Ah, now—goodbye!

—Argory.

THE PROPOSAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea;
The west wind kisses the clover blooms,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weaves his mottled mate,
The lily's the bride of the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,
Shall I wed thee?

Miscellaneous.

OLD DRALEY'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Christmas Day in a Mining Camp.

Not as he was really old, Draley warn't—not over 50, I guess; but we called him "old" as a compliment like, 'cos he was the banker, an' the only banker in camp. It was rich diggings, too, whilst it lasted—spotted, but rich; an' I've seed the gold lya' in the sluices like snow banked up agin a Dakota homestead. Ther' oughter bin work for two bankers, an' a camp with as much money to it as ther' was to Placer City at this time I'm tellin' of, if it 'ad bin in God's country would have had more banks 'n would cover a dozen rods. But Placer City was a powerful mean place to git into then—a hundred an' twenty mile from a road (the camp's gone up now), all mountain at that. An' in winter ther' warn't no way o' gitlin' in but afoot an' draggin' yer pack on a shibogan, which is a mighty hard way o' servin' the Lord, whether a man's lived in the mountains or not. Folks with money hent extra lively in gitlin' into countries like that, an' Old Draley had the whole claim to himself right from the start, without no one ever tryin' to jump him, or offerin' to come an' go cahoots.

So, he kinder got the cinch on the boys. They liked him, an' I guess he liked them, an' when it was heard as Old Draley's gal wer' comin' in we was all kinder curious like to see her. If you ever bin West, yer knows what a camp is—not many women an' them as ther' are not of the kind as one likes to talk about. Ther' warn't no ladies sech as old Draley's daughter'd be like, and the day she was to 'rive there was more men on the street'n if it had bin the Fourth o' July. It was long towards evenin' as she come in, she an' old Draley's gal, just as she come opposite a certain saloon, an' we was all to throw up our hats an' hurrah and let off our guns. We had it all arranged, none; but when she come along Jim he didn't say a word—just forgot all about it—an' there wasn't a man among us as would 's remembered to shoot if he'd.

I tell you she was a daisy—free millin' ore an' \$30 to the ounce. Ther' wasn't one as us'd seed a woman (ceptin' those as I've spoken of) fur a twelvemonth or more; an' as she rode by on her pony, all dressed in white, an' jest blushin' a little herself, we took off our hats, an' 'quit breathin' to look.

Well, sir! you shud 's seed what a boom bled dollars had in camp! I guess, savin' a 'torney or two an' old Draley himself, ther' hadn't bin a white collar need in Placer City since gold was struck there. But next day after she come in, linen war at a premium. Some o' the stores had a sample box or so o' collars shoved away somewhere, which they hadn't had no use for, never in the world; but next day they begin sellin' 'em at a couple o' dollars a collar, an' the price rose two bits an hour till evenin' when they'd all sold out and men as hed bought more'n they wanted early in the day was resellin' 'em agin to late comers at four dollars six bits an' five dollars apiece. I believe if they could 's got 'em the boys would 's put on white shirts—honest injun! dot As 'twas, when a gang went to work, each man toted his collar 'long in his pocket. At the end o' the shift they'd all o' 'em wash up, comb their hair, put on their coats an' then tackle the collars, afore they'd walk into camp. An' to see 'em wrastle with them collars! Some o' 'em didn't fit no mor'n a burro's collar'd 's a prize staid horse but they was bound to wear 'em jest the same, an' it were better all to see them boys walkin' about camp an' none on 'em able to turn their heads if a man got the drop on 'em and they war goin' to be pumped full o' lead.

Some on 'em as war took wust greased their boots. Its a God's own fact, by the

Great Horn Spoon, it is. Ther' weren't no blackin' in camp—an' I never knowed a camp yet wher ther' was; but I've seed men night arter night slip a bit o' pork out o' the beans in to their pocket an' then stroll off into the brush an' come back with their boots greased till they'da most drip.

An' jest all along o' old Draley's gal! At nights instead o' settin' 'round ther' cabins and smokin' till time to turn in, the boys all took to goin' into camp; wher they just stood 'round on the sidewalk an' waited for old Draley's daughter to come out o' the bank. For half a block on each side o' the bank they'd be standin' three deep, as if they was waitin' to be paid off; an' across the road on the opposite side-walk it would be just clean packed solid.

At first she was afraid to come out, I guess; but the old man likely persuaded her to show 'erself, till arter a bit she took to takin' a walk reglarly every evenin' long towards dark with old Draley by her side an' the boys would stand in two lines with ther' hats in ther' hands as she passed through. Twern't long neither afore she began to know some o' 'em through her father; an' ther' warn't a boy in camp as wouldn't rather 'a' got an introduction to her'n 'a' got onto the streak with an ounce and a half to the man. An' she never forgot a clap arter she'd once bin introduced to 'im; but as she walked along she'd smile an' a word for 'em all. Shakes! but it was a sight to doyer heart good to see her walkin' along—she all in white (she allers dressed so)—so slender and tender like, more like a head o' white camas blossom 'n anythin' I ever seed, and the boys so hard and rough, like so many old cedar trees with white collars on 'em for blazes.

Ther' warn't one on 'em as wouldn't 's shot themselves for her, I do believe. An' she showed her infloence, too. The first way in which it was showed was as regards the other woman. Not as she ever said anythin' o' course; but arter she'd come in the boys didn't seem to care to speak to the others. If one on 'em come into a saloon, the boys would jest quit; an' it warn't many days afore they began to get out o' camp, and within three weeks or so ther' warn't one on 'em left.

Then it was the saloons. Somehow it got about that she didn't like to see any one touch whisky; so the boys began to quit drinkin'. Fust they only avoided the saloons jest 'round the bank. Then they quit 'em all. When she come in there was 17 saloons down a burrawin' business, with layouts o' all kinds goin', an' jest scoopin in the dust. A month afterwards ther' warn't a gambler in camp, an' the saloons was all either shet up or changed to general stores.

I tell you, sir, that ther' warn't never sech a camp as Placer City wer' arter she'd changed it, not since the world began, an' ther' won't never be another one. No saloons—no women—no gamblers—no swearin' on the streets, an' the boys all goin' round in white collars an' greasin' ther' boots. Shakes! if it didn't beat all! An' the reason o' it was 'cos ther' hen't never bin a woman like old Draley's gal in a minin' camp afore no since.

Well, sir, things went on as I'm tellin' you for a matter o' six weeks or so, an' the boys hed jest started a meetin' house in one o' the old saloons (it's a fact; honest injun! it's a fact) when suddenly it was said as old Draley wer' sick. Some said it was mountain fever, some rheumatism, some cholera, an' God knows what all. But whatever it war, the end wer' the same for his gal then ran the bank!

Well, sir, you shud 's seed them boys flock in. We all used to clean up once a week—on Saturday nights—an' then go an' turn in our dust to old Draley. But arter she took hold it wer' different. Some o' the boys took to cleanin' up twice a week—jest to give 'em the excuse o' goin' twice to bank. But what most on 'em did was this: Spose they got 14 ounces on a Saturday night, well they'd jest divide that up into six parts—one for each night in the week, an' then reglarly arter hours they'd go round an' bank, pretendin' as they'd jest cleaned up that day. An' she set ther' an' took the money an' give receipts an' kep' the accounts jest as reglar an' nice as old Draley himself. An' she was mighty hard worked, too; 'cos them boys would want to know jest how ther' balance stood three times a day, some on 'em. You never seen such memories as they got; ther' warn't one on 'em as could remember his own money fur 24 hours together. An' they jest hunted round fur things to buy to give 'em excuses fur goin' to draw money, an' when they drawed it they'd draw the wrong amount of purpose so 's they'd hev to go back an' change it.

Then ther' was a 'thometer in the bank, an' the anxiety which got hold o' them boys to know how hot it was war suthin' wonderful. From when the bank opened till it closed ther' war allus half a dozen o' the boys waitin' to look at that machine. The one at the drug store warn't no use. It hed used to be good enough, but now they wouldn't trust it, an' if they was in the drug store they'd look at it an' then go off to the bank—to see if it was right. Ther' never war sech an accurate 'thometer as that un in the Placer City bank while old Draley's gal were runnin' it.

But there was one man as it didn't seem to effect as it did the others, and that was Tennessee Jim. He was a dandy from the drop o' the hat, Jim was; an' he had a claim next to me in them days, about half a mile up the gulch from Placer, an' good ground too. Most folk would 's cal' led Jim a bad man; but that'd 's showed they didn't know 'im. Hard, he may 's bin, but not bad. Shoot? Well, 's was jest the handiest, slickest man with a gun as ever handled a pick. But 'ed only shot at a man once, an' then not to kill. He warn't skeered o' no man on earth—nor hell neither, I guess—but he warn't on the fight. Lemme give y' an instance. One day he was sittin' in a saloon (this was afore Old Draley's gal come into camp) an' Jim was playin' stud, when a man came in as 'ad only bin in camp a few days, an' 's was a bit drunk. Not drunk enough to enconvenience him, but a drunk enough to make him talk big, an' to want to fight. So he give out as he was on the shoot if anybody felt so disposed.

None o' the boys spoke up, he started out to make some one shoot, and by chance 'e tackled Jim. I disremember jist what 'e did, somehow he got to accusin' Jim o' not playin' 'straight, an' then told 'im 'e was afraid to fight.

"No," says Jim, quietly, "fraid ain't the word."

"Are yer heeled?" says the other.

"Yes," says Jim.

"Then git up, you son-of-a-gun, and draw, or by G—, I'll shoot yer wher yer set."

"No," says Jim, sayin', "you won't do that neither. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll shoot you a match. We'll set up a card at th' other end o' the shack over there, an' at the world 'go' we'll see who can put a ball into it first—an' you to pull yer gun an' fire, an' me to pull, throw it to the roof an' catch it afore it falls! We'll shoot fur drinks for the crowd an' arter that if yer still want to fight, count me in."

Well, sir, the other galoot 'e chipped in, on the card—a ace o' spades—was stuck up mebbe 12 paces away, an' they both stood facin' it with ther' arms folded and ther' guns in ther' pants' pocket.

"Go!" said the owner o' the saloon, an' they both reached fur ther' guns, an' the other man was sober now too, you bet! Jim didn't hardly seem to move, but his gun flashed up into the air, jest missin' the roof, an' 'most afore it'd touched his hand agin ther' was a hole plumb through the center o' that card. The other hadn't got a drop on it afore he seed it fluttrin' to the floor.

"Did you fire that shot, pard?" he said, turnin' to Jim.

"Guess so."

"Swow?"

"Swow!"

"Shake! Boys, come an' drink." He'd had all the shootin' he wanted fur that night.

Well, that was Jim. Rough looking but soft inside as a gal; capable o' doin' up any boy in the diggin's, but never sayin' a bullyin' word to no one, an' as straight as a gun-bar'l. You could tie to Jim, an' there warn't a boy in camp as didn't look on Jim as his friend. Yet he could get mad too; an' it was jist about the time as I'm tellin' of as I fust knowed it. It was the fust day as old Draley was sick, an' a gang of us was standin' on the street talkin' o' him an' his gal; an' up to this time I didn't know as Jim 'e took any special notice o' the gal. He never talked about her, an' he hadn't got no white collar. But this day one o' the boys—a mean son-of-a-gun he war anyway—said suthin' 'bout the gal as we none o' us liked. It weren't quite the remarks as you'd like to hear made o' yer sister. Jim looked at 'im quietly an' said "What was that?" an' the other repeated what he'd said an' grinned.

Jim didn't say nothin' but he went fur him. It didn't take long, but when 'e got through the other man 'd got the fullest head on 'im as you ever seed;—looked as if he'd bin through a ten stamp mill.

Well, arter that I began to notice Jim more; an' I found as 'e did think o' the gal like the rest o' us, only it worked different with him. It kinder struck innards. All the other boys, as I've said, wer' allus huntin' round for excuses to go to the bank to see 'er. Twern't so with Jim. Before she began to run things, 'e used to go an' turn in his clean up once a week. But the first week arter that, he came round to me arter cleanin' up an' asked me careless like if I was goin' up to camp.

"Yes," says I.

"Well," says Jim, "I wish you'd turn in my dust for me,—bout 15 ounces, I think, an' bring me a check."

Well I was surprised, but glad enough. I guess, to have an excuse fur goin' twice to the bank. So I jest took his sack an' started for camp. Next week he did the same thing, an' the next. Durin' the week, too, he never went into the bank,—didn't seem to care about the weather, nor his bank account nor nawthin'. Yet 'e was allus in camp—usually hangin' round within a few paces o' the bank most o' the day, settin' all by 'imself an' sayin' 'nawthin'. But 'e never went into the bank, an' in the evenin' when she'd come out to walk, he'd hide behind her other boys. I guess none o' them got on to it, but I did, an' it seemed to me as if he was kinder 'shamed to show himself to her, fraid o' 'er like.

Arter a bit though the boys couldn't help but notice suthin', and this was why. 'Long toward the end o' the fall, Draley, he gets well; but 'e hadn't bin to work agin morn' a couple o' days afore suthin' worse happened. His gal took sick. We knew what it was now—smallpox; an' I tell you as the day it got about as his gal was sick the whole camp looked like as if it war goin' to a buryin'. Ther' warn't no work done. Ther' warn't a ditch in camp as a shovel war turned in all that day, but the boys jist stood on the street, lookin' at the windows o' the room wher she war known to be lyin', and talkin' in whispers.

The next day it war the same, an' the next, an' the next. Then some o' the boys turned in to work agin; but it war poor work as they done, fur every day come the news as old Draley's daughter war gettin' worse. She had it dangerous, an' a bad doctor 'd been sent for from the road. Well, 'e come in; but the news didn't git no better then. We boys hated him, 'cos 'e couldn't give us any 'couragement, an' one night 'e said plainly 's 'e didn't think she'd pull through.

Well, she jist got them flowers in time to die with 'em in her hand an' to bless with her last words the man as 'd sent 'em to her. She never knowed what it 'd cost to get 'em, or who got 'em; but her words was told to Jim by the doc, an' Jim, he jist broke down an' cried like a woman.

The old man, he wanted to take her out to her home an' bury her; but it didn't seem as if the boys could bear to par with her, so a kinder petition war got up askin' him to have 'er buried right ther' in Placer City, an' you bet ther' warn't a man in the whole diggin's as didn't come up an' sign.

Well, he give in; and she were buried in a lot as Jim give fur the purpose. Soon's he'd went off the boys all seemed to understand as how Jim's sorrow war greater 'n any o' theirs. Not as he ever said anythin' or showed anythin' to make 'em think so;—he jest went along quiet like and lookin' terrible broken down; but the boys 'd make way for him as he came down the trail an' look at 'im kinder pityin' and, without thinkin' why, every

one felt it war nat'ral when he war first mourner at the buryin' an' stood by old Draley's side all through.

But the curious part o' it all 'd yet to come. From that day luck left Placer City. The gold seemed to a jest gone out o' the ground. Water come in an' drowned out the deeper claims, and in the shaller ground, every man on the creek lost the streak all to once, an' none on 'em could git on to it agin. It jest stopp'd there. Then people begin to quit camp. Ther' warn't, as I've said, no saloons—no gals—no cards; an' now as she war gone an' ther' warn't no gold nor no luck, the country warn't worth stoppin' in. So the boys started to go. One arter another they shouldered ther' packs and struck out on the trail.

At last ther' warn't more'n a few hundred in camp, when a forest fire struck us. It burnt up pretty nigh every cabin. Three or four o' the boys was killed an' all the grub in the store was lost. When I quit, Jim war the only one left an' he only stayed 'cos 'e said he didn't feel like gettin' out jest then,—but 'd come in a few days.

Well, sir, I didn't see Placer City for nigh on to a dozen years. Last summer I war prospectin' through the hills off that way, an' I thought as I'd go in an' see if the gold hadn't come back agin to the ground it 'd left when Old Draley's gal died. It war 'long towards evenin' as I struck the trail jist above the city an' noticed as someone 'd bin ther' quite recent—an' supposed it wer' a gang o' prospectors like myself. I was still lookin' at the footmarks, when ther' come a turn in the trail, an' I found myself—an' by the great Horn Spoon, I thought I war dreamin'—right in the middle o' jest the loveliest flower garden you ever seed.

Soon as I see ther' flowers it all come back to me—her 'n Jim an' that Christmas day.

This war wher she war buried. Yer may talk about your big cities, 'n yer gardens, 'n yer hotouses, but ther' warn't never anythin' to beat that garden ther' in among the mountain pines. A matter o' two acres, mebbe, was cleared, an' fenced. Across half an acre in middle o' that war the garden—the rest wer' jest level turf. In the very middle war her grave, and what 'd yer think it hed for a monument—a block, weighin' some 500, o' the richest quartz as man ever seed. The gold jist stood out o' it in veins an' nuggets an' strings. Four smaller lungs 'd bin set at the corners, an' hed been cut nearly square, an' in 'em lay this great lump, which must 's bin nigh on to one-half pure gold. It wer' the purtiest sight as yer ever dreamed of, an' how many thousands o' dollars there was in it I ain't goin' to try to say.

Not round this 'ere lump was honey-suckles,—so as they climbed over it and half hid it under ther' leaves and flowers through which the gold shone out in the evenin' sun jist like so many '32-pieces wher yer could see the surface o' the rock. Then round that was the roses—red, white, yaller an' every kind o' pink and down to some 'most black. Row arter row on 'em. Jest masses.

Whilst I was still standin' half dazed, an' starin' at the gold an' roses 'n then round at the forest, someone come out o' the woods into the clearin' jist opposite me and come towards where I stand. I knew 'im at once—Tennessee Jim. Older now,—30 year older he looked—and terble tired an' wild lookin'. But I spoke to 'im an' he recognized me; then he told me.

He'd never quit camp; never in all them twelve years—not but jest to git the roses an' honey-suckles an' once an' agin fur grub to keep 'im goin'. He never hunted nor mined, save jest to keep him self; but give his whole time to tendin' that garden an' makin' them roses bloom over her grave.

He war a little touched I think, 'cos he told me 's 'e often seed 'er. At nights 'e said she would come into his cabin when he was lyin' in 's bunk awake, an' the whole cabin would glow light an' she would talk to him. She knew now who 'd 'er for the flowers when she war dyin', an' 'e wer' through her as he had found the lump o' quartz outside. He wouldn't come out. No; he said as he'd live ther' twelve years an' he'd always live ther'. He said that she might not come to see 'im, anywhar's 'e was, he was happiest ther'. So he would jest live on an' tend her garden, an' some day when she called 'im he would crawl out to the grave an' lie down under the honey-suckles an' die.

Twern't no use tryin' to move 'im. So I come out agin arter a day or two, an' left 'im ther' with the mountains an' his roses an' his quartz an' her.

And somehow, queer as it seems, I've never bin able to git over thinkin' as Jim must 's loved old Draley's gal.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Tastes and Fashions.

The homely old proverb that "what is one man's meat is another's poison" is just as true of mental as of physical tabu. The healthy unperverted taste of the majority forms a sort of standard; some morbid appetites crave stale pencils and pickles, a few eat clay and arsenic. Let a person of average intelligence choose his own diet and take only what he craves and what feeds him.

If after eating his three he does not like olives, why should he be ashamed to say so before the person who "dotes on them"? Perhaps she does not like onions. It is also the fashion to speak of many oute things as "so artistic." A young lady with the tips of her fingers puts the "disgusting" market paper which came around the meat into the fire. The postman hands in at the front door an enveloped card of the same paper, on which is printed an invitation to an art exhibition, or a milliner's opening, and she exclaims, "How artistic!" Her teeth are set on edge and shivers run down her back every time her gloves touch the cartridge paper covers of her concert programme, but never mind, they are "artistic."

Queen Anne houses are built, the walls are covered with art paper, the floors with art carpets or Kensington (N. J.) art squares; the ceilings are artistically decorated, and the fireplaces furnished with art tiles and art hammered brass or wrought iron. The art furniture is covered with

art embroideries. Imported Queen Bridgets make havoc with the art china and glass; while the owner, freshly shaved and brushed by a "tonorial artist," surrounded by his artistically (?) clad family, all of whom belong to some art fraternity or other, sits down in the midst of it all with his artistic meerschaum, conscious of having done his duty.

He would not dare to buy a new picture simply because it pleased him; but if it bears the signature of a noted artist, or is praised by "high authority," his pocket opens, the ducats come forth, and a new picture is added to the other art upholstery.

Doubtless much has been done during the last few years to improve the popular taste. Some attempt has been made to render nearly every home more beautiful and attractive. Yet it should be borne in mind, remarks an intelligent writer in the *Providence Journal*, that a really beautiful thing is always and forever beautiful, whether in or out of fashion. The cat-tails, golden rod and other treasures of swamp and field were just as lovely to the eye capable of appreciating them before they became the "rage," while many things now sought as artistic will not bear the test of time and will prove to have been only fashionable.

There are many points both in musical compositions and in pictures which can be enjoyed to the full only by those whose taste and training have long been in those directions. This is true of every work of man. The person who has been educated in all the technicalities will find more delight in just those points than will ordinary observers; yet the latter may take pleasure in a fine building without knowing how every brick and stone should or should not be laid, or admire a wonderful machine without knowing the use of every cog and screw, or be filled with joy by a lovely picture without desiring to know whether the color was laid on with a palette knife or the high lights scratched out. The soul, borne aloft by some mighty symphony, forgets to notice that a difficult trill was performed with the left hand or that the tenor's bark sailed smoothly over high Cs.

This enjoyment of technical excellences is a thing quite apart from the appreciation of the real spirit of any work of art; therefore let each one enjoy and praise what really pleases him. If his heart is touched by what does not please a more fastidious neighbor, what does it matter? He has experienced a true uplifting influence just the same.

Who has not read some passage which deeply moved him, and afterwards turned again to it to find that what impressed him was barely suggested by the printed words, but that his own thoughts, growing out of the suggestion, had far outstripped the original meaning of the author, to whom all along he had felt indebted.

First Kill Your Deer.

"I learned one important thing out in the Canada woods," said Fred Mason, at the Tullers' Club, "and that was that if you shoot a deer you want to be sure it dead before you attempt to kill him by cutting his throat. On Monday of last week we started a big buck, and Abe Burr and I both put a ball in him. My shot brought him down. He fell a hundred feet or so from the edge of a deep brook that ran through that part o' the wood. Any one seeing that deer lying there stretched out on the ground would have easily thought that he had been dead as dead as a stone, and so I walked leisurely up to him to cut his throat. I straddled the carcass and stooped over with my knife in my hand to sever the jugular vein. Taking hold of one of the antlers with one hand, I was about to draw the knife across the deer's throat when he sprang to his feet, raising me up with him. Away he went, at about a mile a minute, with me straddling his neck and holding on to the antlers like grim death. The deer ran for a quarter of a mile, and by that time I felt that my time had come, for I was afraid to fall off to the ground, and I didn't know how far the buck would run before he would drop, for I knew that he must be badly wounded by the two bullets somewhere. Suddenly the buck stopped as abruptly as he had started, and threw me over his head. I certainly must have traveled through the air not less than 25 feet before I struck, and then I landed in a miry spot. The deer came right on after me, and, as a wounded buck will do, was in for a fight with me at once. I then saw that the deer was wounded in the flank. I had to defend myself against his attacks, and we floundered about in the bog hole for 10 or 15 minutes, and by that time we were both pretty well tuckered out. Abe hadn't come in from his runaway, a mile back on the ridge, and so I had all the fun to myself. By and by, after my clothes were nearly all torn off of me, and I was daubed with mud from head to foot, the deer turned suddenly and made for the creek. I saw that he was growing weak from loss of blood, and I was afraid that if he got in the swift stream it would carry him away and I would lose him after all. So, tired as I was, I ran to head him off, but he got in the creek just as I reached the bank. I jumped in and grabbed him by the hind legs, and dragged him back to the shore. I backed up the bank, which was three feet high, and raising up the wounded buck's hind parts, thrust his head in under the water. He was too weak to make much resistance, and I held his head under till he drowned. Then I was too much exhausted to drag the deer out, and ten minutes later Abe came in and found me sitting on the bank unable to get up, but holding fast to the deer. We hauled him in, and he was a dandy. It took me a day to get over that tussle, but I didn't regret it."

Evolution of the Pen.

In the days of parchment and papyrus pens were unknown because there was no need for them. The ink was as thick then as printing ink now is, and a brush was the thing with which to apply the ink to the parchment. To the present day the Chinese still use a brush for this purpose, as also do most of the Oriental

nations. But the invention of paper necessitated more delicate touches than could have been made with a brush, and the first effort to meet the need was a split reed. For a long time this answered the purpose, but when greater nicety was demanded the goosequill was pressed into service and for ages supplied the demand.

During the last century many efforts were made to improve on the quill, the necessity of constantly mending it being found a drawback to its use, but all were unavailing. The attempts were principally directed to fitting the points with some substance harder than the quill, so that mending would not be needed; points of steel, copper, agate and even diamond were used in the trial, but all to no purpose. In the first year of the present century pens began to be made entirely of metal, and the survival of an old habit was plainly prominent in the first steel or metal pens made, they being shaped in the form of a quill as nearly as possible. They were fearfully hard, stiff things, getting scratching over the paper with a great, abominable noise, and spluttered at a great rate, and as they sold for fifty cents each, were not very popular.

In 1820 Gillott, the pen manufacturer, made a wonderful improvement in his manufacture, giving the pen three flutes instead of one, which gave more flexibility. Improvements in machinery reduced the selling price so that he was able to sell these three-flute pens for about \$40 a gross. It is worthy of note that a better article of pen is now made and sold for twenty-five cents a gross than could then be made for \$40, the difference being in the perfection of the machinery, calling for less attention from the men employed. The cheaper pens are made entirely by machinery, but the better grades are partly made by hand, and it is computed that the various manufacturers turn out every year about 400,000,000 pens, to be used once or twice and then thrown away.

The process of manufacture is exceedingly interesting, and the persons employed in splitting the pens by hand acquire wonderful skill, so that a quick cutter will shape 15,000 pens in a day, and a good splitter will cut the flutes in 25,000.

Streight's Escape from Prison.

The old, yellow, moth-covered books and papers of Libby prison tell a not unromantic tale of two women who were directly connected with two momentous events of the famous southern prison. After the war these ladies figured in good positions in the gifts of the Government, which they had ever proven loyal to, although surrounded by rebels in the very hotbed of treason. One of these was Miss Abbie Green. She lingered about the old warehouse so much, in her desire to do something for the Union prisoners confined therein, that she was told that if she did not stop fooling with the d—n Yankee prisoners she would be hustled into Castle Thunder. But she feared not, and it was she, as much as any other person, who was the instigating cause of 17 men escaping in a body. In the prison was one Col. A. D. Streight, who had organized an expedition, having for its object the raiding of the country in and around Rome, Ga. Forrest captured the whole of them, and they were sent to Richmond prison.

Abbie Green happened to know Streight and she smuggled in to him a pair of large Colt revolvers, with the word that if he would escape he would be taken care of until he could get out of the country. One night some of the prisoners standing at the window could, by the aid of a pale moonlight, see dark objects popping up, as it were, from the very bowels of the earth in a vacant lot across the street. "Where in the h—l are all those men coming from?" shouted one of the prisoners. "Shut up, you d—n fool," said another, who was in the secret. "Come away from that window and keep your mouth shut."

When the roll was called next morning 17 men were missing. "I took my man Jim," said my informant, "the next morning, and made an examination of the lot across the street. It was full of high weeds and I directed Jim to get in and look about. In doing so he suddenly disappeared. When I went to the spot where I had seen him last, a yawning hole confronted me. I stood there in wonderment for a moment, when I looked up and beheld Jim running out of the prison. Then the whole thing dawned on my bewildered mind. Those 17 men had got out of the prison in the same manner that Black Jim had got into it."

By means of a large chimney the men had lowered themselves to the basement, where we kept a large quantity of straw. The men had dug down through the floor of the basement, across the street 42 feet, and emerged into the vacant lot. The dirt taken from the hole was piled in the room and covered with straw. "If it hadn't been for a very peculiar accident," continued the aged narrator, "we would have lost every able-bodied man in the prison that night." Col. Streight got fast in the hole. The men had dug under a gas-main, making a sudden turn down and then up. Streight was a big, heavy fellow, and in going under he got caught between his shoulders and hips. The men in front pulled and those in the rear pushed; but for hours he remained in this plight until toward daybreak he was hauled out more dead than alive. It was then too near daylight to make the delivery general. One hundred and seventeen got away. But we captured more than half of them. Streight was taken care of by Abbie Green in a little hut just outside the city, where food was provided until he was able to get away, which he finally did, and reached Washington in safety.

Miss Green was given a position in the United States Treasury—a position which she still holds.—*Chicago News.*

Dated December 24, 1896.

M. C. LOUISE DARMSTARTER,
Attorney at Mortgage.
CUTCHEN, CRANE & STELLWAGEN,
Attorneys for Assignee.

CARDS!

\$60 Fancy Pictures and 25
Gilt Edges Gilt Cards, 75c each;
Silk Prizes, Hidden Stars,
Puzzle, and 3 Parlor Games, etc.,
of Authors, Etc., IVY CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.
from

100¢

Songs, Album Quizzes, Embroidery Design,
and pack of Mountain Cards, Gilt Maps, Silk Prints,
etc.; also new sets of Glass Cabinet Slides, from
\$3.00.

LEONARD'S PATENT SPECIM PACKETS
FOR SENDING COINS SECURELY BY MAIL.
Holding any fraction of a dollar; coins can't lose out;
fits any envelope. Wanted! In every house!
Send ICS for sample dozen post-paid.
C. H. LEONARD, 99 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich.

\$2.50 A MONTH. Agents wanted. See how you

MILLERS' TOLLS.
 Forster Mill, Mich., Jan. 4th, 1886.
 To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
 I am very much interested in the discussion of the subject "Going to Mill" in your paper and can not withhold the temptation to give the "poor dishonest miller" a passing word.
 I think all who patronize custom mills understand that when they take coals, chert and broken wheat in their grist the miller first takes what we will suppose to be his tenth of the whole, then puts the remainder through the cleaning process and retains what is thrown out for his labor, expense of machinery, &c. The man who takes his wheat to the mill in this condition has no right to, and I think as a rule does not, find fault with the miller because he receives less than 84 lbs. of flour and offal for each 60 lbs. that he brings to the mill.
 There are three first class flouring mills within a radius of six miles of my farm, and it has been and is now their practice to take from one-fifth to one-eighth for custom grinding. At the mill I will designate as No. 1, I took exactly 240 lbs. clean plump wheat (some I had cleaned for seed and did not sow) and received therefore 181 lbs. flour and 59 lbs. offal.
 This was tolled to the extent of one-fourth, lacking three pounds on the four bushels. At present these mills are each offering to accept their flour for the grist. No. 1 will give 87 lbs. flour and 13 lbs. offal for 60 lbs. wheat. No. 2 gives 88 lbs. flour and 13 lbs. offal; while No. 3 offers 90 lbs. flour and 13 lbs. offal.
 From these figures it will be seen that the best we receive is four pounds short of what we are entitled to for every 60 lbs. we take to the mill.
 I will ask Eli Wiesel to reflect that four pounds per bushel extra toll on the thirty thousand bushels he grinds annually, calculating the price of wheat at 90 cents, would amount to eighteen hundred dollars. Enough to buy a good forty acre farm. Now Eli, shall I hear you exclaim again "Where is the poor dishonest miller's share coming in?"
 Last week I took 2,312 pounds of clean barley to mill No. 3 and received 2,015 lbs. after being ground, costing me a toll over one-eighth for grinding. I have taken three grists of feed (corn and oats) to mill No. 2, of which they took not less than one-fifth of either. One of these grists, 1,820 lbs., was cleaned thoroughly in my mill before being weighed and taken away; from this I received 1,050 lbs. after being ground.
 I believe that the claim that there is a waste of from one to two pounds per bushel is too high an estimate (even if the law did not contemplate this waste in prescribing the amount it should be lawful to take for grinding). Two years ago I had a load of thirty bushels of corn and oats ground in a small feed mill that actually weighed more after grinding; the air being damp it absorbed more than it evaporated.
 To those who are feeding cattle, this extra charge for grinding is a heavy tax. Now, brother farmers, let us talk this up to the millers.
 S. B. SCHUBERT.

CLYDESDALE HORSES IN MICHIGAN.
 At Flushing, Genesee County, is the residence and stock farm of Mr. O. W. Parsell, who has long been known as an importer of Clydesdales. The past season he went direct to Scotland, determined to select from the choicest stock there some animals that in breeding and characteristics would stand with the very best. The animals he selected and brought back were from such sires as Darnley, Topgal, Silver, Silver (sire of the two stallions shown by him at the State Fair year ago last fall), and Topsmen. These horses are well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the sires of some of the finest specimens of this breed to be found. The stock was selected by himself, and comprised some as handsome horses of the breed as have been brought into Michigan. Every one of them is registered in the Scotch Stud Book known as the Clydesdale Stud Book of Great Britain and Ireland.
 Of the horses Mr. Parsell has imported at various times he has shown a few at some of the principal fairs in this State. At the State Fair a year ago last fall he showed a fine four year old stallion, on which he was awarded first premium. At the Eastern Michigan Fair at Flint he was first with two of his stallions, and at the Central Michigan Fair at Lansing he was again first with two stallions. Besides these he carried off a number of premiums at various county fairs. He has sold quite a number of horses in the west, and the purchasers have been very successful with them at all the fairs at which they have been shown.
 Mr. Parsell has a number of his latest importations at Flushing, where he will be pleased to see any one interested in fine draft horses. He is a firm believer in the excellence of the Clyde, and professes it to all other breeds.

STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.
 The winter meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will convene at the City of Adrian, Lenawee County, opening with an evening session Tuesday, February 9th, 1886, and closing with a morning session on February 11th.
 This convention is called at Adrian in acceptance of an invitation from the Lenawee County Horticultural Society, and all the delegates who are members of the State Horticultural Society or its branches will be entertained by our Adrian friends.
 The headquarters of the Executive Board will be at the Central Hotel, where all who prefer will be accommodated, at greatly reduced rates.

Mr. H. E. VanDusen, of Kansas, the recently appointed Pomologist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, will be present at the meeting to assist in the discussion.
 Delegations from Indiana and Ohio Horticultural Societies will be in attendance, and it is especially desired that aside from the local attendance from the near counties, there should be good delegations from as many of our southern societies as possible.
 For railway rates and other information, address Secretary Garfield, at Grand Rapids, at once.

SCHEME OF TOPICS—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9.
 7 P. M.—Address of Welcome and Response. Management of Local Horticultural Societies. Methods of Purchasing and Selling Plants and Trees. Comparative Value. The Best Way. Announcement of Committees.
 WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10.
 9:30 A. M.—Fertilizers—for the Orchard, the Garden, the Small Fruit Plantation, Green Manuring. Commercial Fertilizers. Special Manure for Special Crops. Enriching Lawns. Methods of Applying Fertilizers.
 11:30 A. M.—The Relation of Bees to Horticulture—benefits and injuries.
 AFTERNOON.
 1:30 P. M.—Lawn and Lawn Bedding. Shrubs and their Uses. Making Walks and Drives. Trees in and out of Place. Selection and Management of House Plants. Sizes of Pots to Use; Soil; Drainage. Overcoming Difficulties in Living Rooms. Managing the Insects. House Plants in and out of Place.
 4:15 P. M.—Orchard Drainage. Is it Practicable? How to Overcome Difficulties.
 EVENING.
 7 P. M.—Rotation in Fruit Plantations in the Garden Crops.
 8 P. M.—Horticulture in the Department of Agriculture at Washington. A Retrospective View. Needs. Promises. What We Ought to Have and Its Power for Good.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 11.
 9 A. M.—Reports of Committees. The Nomenclature of Fruits. Miscellaneous Business. Adjournment.
 CHAS. W. GARFIELD, President.
 T. T. LYON, Secretary.

Veterinary Department
 Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "The Sheep, the Goat, and the Poultry," "Horse Training Manual," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the P. M. No. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Chronic Laryngitis in Horses.
 BROWN, Jan. 1, 1886.
 DEAR SIR—I wish your advice in regard to the treatment of my horse. About a year ago one of the things commenced coughing, since which time my horse has never been entirely free from this trouble. It seems to attack them without any apparent cause. One of the things will commence to cough, perhaps a short, dry, hacking explosion, sometimes deep, heavy and sonorous; worse some days than others; no discharge from nostrils generally; occasionally if one catches cold, there may be a slight discharge; exercise aggravates the difficulty; pressure upon the upper portion of the windpipe will produce a cough; seems to trouble them when they are housed more than when out at large. No alarming symptoms present, but this steady, persistent cough, lasting six months or so on each horse, is very annoying. Please prescribe. I also have a two year old horse in right front foot; I think in the coffin joint. At the union of the hoof and leg just at the edge of the hair, there is much inflammation and enlargement; has been lame several months; seems better than at first. I think it is a sprain of the coffin joint. Will it get well if let alone? A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer—If we understand your description of the trouble with your horses, we diagnose it as chronic laryngitis, endemic in character, due to local causes. What those causes are we have no means of determining. It may be due to atmospheric influences, or to some foreign substance in the feed, etc. Treatment: Have the stable thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Give internally the following to each animal: Ammoniacum, pulv., two ounces; pulverized squills, one ounce; santonin, aloes, pulv., one ounce. Mix and divide into eight powders. Give one night and morning in the feed, or mix with syrup to a paste and smear on the tongue. Apply to the throat the following, once only: Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; oil of turpentine, twelve drops; mix. Shake well and wet the afflicted part externally. Two days after apply to the blister a little vasoline. Please report to us in two weeks.
 In reply to your second: Your colt is not troubled with navicular lameness; the probability is the disease is either ringbone, or coronitis. From its long standing we are inclined to believe it to be the former. In either case apply the following: Bin. iodide hydrate, one drachm; camelline, one oz.; mix well together. Apply to the swollen part once only, and rub it well in with the fingers. In two or three days dress the blister with lard. When dry wash with castile soap and water. When the scurf is removed and the hair well started out, should the animal still be lame, repeat the blister and dress as before.

Looks like Chronic Laminitis.
 EMERY, St. Clair Co., Jan. 1, 1886.
 To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
 SIR—I have a dark gray mare six years old, of twelve hundred weight, with foal. She acts as if she was foundered, that is, she is sore all over, and has been so for two years. She is fat and does well. I think it is in her feet, as she never was foundered. Will you please let a subscriber what the matter and what to do for her. There is no fever in her feet.
 P. THOMAS BYRNE.

Answer—From your description of the symptoms we cannot diagnose the disease in your mare. Laminitis, or founder, as it is commonly called, is due to inflammation of the sensitive laminae of the feet, which if not speedily relieved, terminates in chronic laminitis, an incurable disease from altered structure in the front feet. In rare cases the same alteration occurs in the hind feet also, leaving the animal in an incurable condition. As you say the animal never has been foundered, we would advise you to call a competent veterinary surgeon to examine the animal with the view to a correct diagnosis and possible cure.

A Correction.
 In the MICHIGAN FARMER of Dec. 29, page 8, you give me the absurd credit of having a cow sick with milk fever in a large, narrow box stall, when I said in my letter "large, warm box stall," which is 10 feet square.
 P.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, January 12, 1886.

Flour—Market dull, with values tending down. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$3.75 @ 4.00
 Michigan white wheat, roller process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, stone process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, roller process 4.25 @ 4.50
 Low grade winter wheat 3.50 @ 3.75
 Rye 2.00 @ 2.25
 Buckwheat 2.00 @ 2.25

Wheat—The market opened strong, but fluctuated within narrow limits and finally closed at very nearly the same rate as on Saturday. Closing prices on spot were as follows: No. 1 white, 84c; No. 2 red, 83c. In futures closing rates were as follows: No. 1 white—January, 84c; February, 83c; March, 82c; May, 81c; No. 2 red—January, 83c; February, 82c; March, 81c; May, 80c.

Oats—Steady and firm, but in light demand. No. 1 white quoted at 34c on track and 34c in elevator; light mixed quoted at 32c, and No. 2 at 30c.

Barley—Market steady at the recent advance. No. 2 State is quoted at \$1.40 per cental. By sample prices range from \$1.30 to \$1.45, the latter only paid for choice. Some low grade has been received, and sold down to \$1.20 per cental.

Rye—Market dull at 60c per bu. for No. 2.

Feed—Barley is quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.30 per ton; coarse middlings at \$13.00, and fine do at \$14.00 to \$15.00.

Butter—Market dull except for fine stock Creamery is quoted at 20c to 22c for good stock; dairy at 15c to 16c for good, 15c to 16c for extra fine quality; of choice entirely neglected. Butter substitutes, 12c to 14c.

Cheese—Michigan cream, 11c to 12c; skims 4c to 5c. No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Eggs—Michigan, 11c to 12c; No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Fruit—Apples dull and quiet; quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bu. Cranberries quoted at \$5.00 per bu. for Cape Cod, the latter for choice; Michigan 50c per bu., or \$3.25 per ton.

Straw—Market steady at 70c per ton. New evaporated stock quoted at 70c per ton.

Foreign Fruits—Lemons Messina 4c per box, \$3.00 to \$4.00; Malaga, 2c to 3c; oranges, Florida 2c to 3c; cocoanuts 1c to 2c; Malaga grapes, 1c to 2c; \$3.00 to \$4.00; No. 1, 1c to 2c; No. 2, 1c to 2c.

Honey—New quoted at 13c to 14c per lb. in pound frames.

Hay—Market firm at \$12.00 to \$13.00 per ton for baled cut on track; selling in smaller quantities at \$14.00 to \$15.00 per ton.

Poultry—Market steady. Dealers expect a large increase in the receipt, and think values will decline. As yet no weakness is shown, and the market is steady. Chickens are quoted at 9c to 10c, turkeys at 11c to 12c, and ducks at 10c to 11c. Live poultry is nominal.

Salmon—Market steady and quiet. City packed are quoted at \$1.35 per bu. in car lots, or \$1.40 in smaller quantities; unpicked are selling at 60c to 70c per bu.

Onions—There is a fair supply of stock and the market is quiet at 10c to 11c per bu.

Sauces—Michigan, 11c to 12c; No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Hops—Michigan quoted at \$2.00 per lb. No. 1 at 10c to 11c; Eastern markets dull and weak.

Clover Seed—There is an active and firm market. Prime baled yesterday at \$3.75, and No. 2 at \$3.50.

Straw—Baled \$3.00 to \$3.50 per ton on track.

Pop Corn—Market quiet at 20c per bu. for old, new, 19c.

Beeswax—Dull at 20c to 22c per lb.

Gum—Market steady. Dealers expect a large increase in the receipt, and think values will decline. As yet no weakness is shown, and the market is steady. Chickens are quoted at 9c to 10c, turkeys at 11c to 12c, and ducks at 10c to 11c. Live poultry is nominal.

Salmon—Market steady and quiet. City packed are quoted at \$1.35 per bu. in car lots, or \$1.40 in smaller quantities; unpicked are selling at 60c to 70c per bu.

Onions—There is a fair supply of stock and the market is quiet at 10c to 11c per bu.

Sauces—Michigan, 11c to 12c; No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Hops—Michigan quoted at \$2.00 per lb. No. 1 at 10c to 11c; Eastern markets dull and weak.

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$3.75 @ 4.00
 Michigan white wheat, roller process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, stone process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, roller process 4.25 @ 4.50
 Low grade winter wheat 3.50 @ 3.75
 Rye 2.00 @ 2.25
 Buckwheat 2.00 @ 2.25

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, January 12, 1886.

Flour—Market dull, with values tending down. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, stone process \$3.75 @ 4.00
 Michigan white wheat, roller process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, stone process 4.00 @ 4.25
 Minnesota white wheat, roller process 4.25 @ 4.50
 Low grade winter wheat 3.50 @ 3.75
 Rye 2.00 @ 2.25
 Buckwheat 2.00 @ 2.25

Wheat—The market opened strong, but fluctuated within narrow limits and finally closed at very nearly the same rate as on Saturday. Closing prices on spot were as follows: No. 1 white, 84c; No. 2 red, 83c. In futures closing rates were as follows: No. 1 white—January, 84c; February, 83c; March, 82c; May, 81c; No. 2 red—January, 83c; February, 82c; March, 81c; May, 80c.

Oats—Steady and firm, but in light demand. No. 1 white quoted at 34c on track and 34c in elevator; light mixed quoted at 32c, and No. 2 at 30c.

Barley—Market steady at the recent advance. No. 2 State is quoted at \$1.40 per cental. By sample prices range from \$1.30 to \$1.45, the latter only paid for choice. Some low grade has been received, and sold down to \$1.20 per cental.

Rye—Market dull at 60c per bu. for No. 2.

Feed—Barley is quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.30 per ton; coarse middlings at \$13.00, and fine do at \$14.00 to \$15.00.

Butter—Market dull except for fine stock Creamery is quoted at 20c to 22c for good stock; dairy at 15c to 16c for good, 15c to 16c for extra fine quality; of choice entirely neglected. Butter substitutes, 12c to 14c.

Cheese—Michigan cream, 11c to 12c; skims 4c to 5c. No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Eggs—Michigan, 11c to 12c; No. 1, 10c to 11c; No. 2, 9c to 10c.

Fruit—Apples dull and quiet; quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bu. Cranberries quoted at \$5.00 per bu. for Cape Cod, the latter for choice; Michigan 50c per bu., or